THE

Western Missionary Magazine,

For FEBRUARY, 1805.

[*From the London Evangelical Magazine.*]

MEMOIR

OF THE REV. SAMUEL BUNCOMBE,

Late Pastor of the Independent Church of Christ, in Ottery, St. Mary, Devon.

DEATH has once more entered the sanctuary of God, and directed his arrow against a venerable father in Israel. Terrible as he may appear to a certain description of people, multitudes have smiled, yea triumphed at his approach. Standing on the brink of the opening tomb, they have employed their latest breath, feeble as it was, in that song of exultation, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

There are excellencies in the Son of God sufficient to animate the soul in the solemn moments of nature's dissolution; and the Gospel yields considerations well adapted to soothe our rising fears, and calm our tumultuous spirits. The glorious Sun of Righteousness illuminates the darkest paths of the dreary wilderness, and sheds the blaze of noon around the steps of pious travellers. Next to the charms of the lovely Jesus, and the powerful influence of the Gospel, to vanquish death and dissipate the alarming apprehensions of mind in the

near approach of eternity, is the example of good men. When we behold our intimate friends, who laboured under the ſame infirmities with ourſelves, and who, during life, had to ſtruggle with doubts and fears no leſs diſtreſſing than our own,—when we behold *them* bidding a cheerful and affectionate farewell to their dear ſurviving relations, and marching boldly along the gloomy path,—when we hear *them* ſinging, as they advance, "Though I walk through the valley of the ſhadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy ſtaff they comfort me;"—even the moſt timorous Chriſtian feels himſelf inſpired with freſh courage, and is emboldened to proceed, "ſtrong in the grace that is in Chriſt Jeſus."

A character whoſe chief excellency was derived from the pure goſpel of Chriſt, and whoſe triumphs were inſpired and ſupported by the Scripture doctrine and influence of the croſs, is the ſubject of the preſent ſhort memoir. May the amiable conduct of his life be aſſiduouſly imitated, and the comforts of his death enjoyed by every reader of theſe pages!

The Rev. Samuel Buncombe was born at Taunton, in the county of Somerſet, in the year 1734. His parents were eminent for piety, and he uniformly ſpoke of them with the greateſt reverence and affection. He received his claſſical education at the free ſchool in Taunton. When he arrived at the age of ſeventeen, he was placed under the care of the Rev. John Lavington of Ottery, who, for many years, honourably filled the office of tutor in the evangelical academy in that town.

His unremitting application, genuine piety and remarkable prudence, during his preparation for the miniſtry, attracted the notice and raiſed the expectations of his ſerious relatives and friends. Having completed his academical ſtudies, he received an invitation to exerciſe his talents in the congregation of Proteſtant Diſſenters at Crediton, in the above county.—Here he was ſolemnly ſet apart to the paſtoral office, November 26, 1760, and continued a faithful miniſter for ſeveral years.

On the death of Mr. Lavington, which happened December 20, 1764, Mr. Buncombe was invited to ſucceed him in the capacity of a paſtor to the church, the academy having been removed to Bridport, in Dorſet, and committed to the care of the Rev. James Rooker. This invitation he accepted, and

came to reſide at Ottery in the following year. In 1766 he married Mrs. Sarah Peream, a widow lady, to whom he invariably proved an affectionate huſband, and to whoſe children he continued to be a real friend and tender father.

Thoſe who had any acquaintance with Mr. Buncombe, need not be informed, that his knowledge of theological ſubjects was very extenſive. Though we do not rank him with thoſe who, in the preſent day, are ſtyled the moſt *popular preachers*, yet his talent was ſuch as deſerved y to entitle him to the character of an "able Miniſter of the New-Teſtament." He well knew how "to divide the word of truth, and give to every one his portion in due ſeaſon."

Towards the cloſe of life his attention was chiefly directed to the diſcuſſion of the evidences of divine revelation,—the harmony of the attributes of God, in the government of the world and in the covenant of grace,—and the divinity and atonement of Jeſus Chriſt. On the latter he frequently dwelt with great energy, judging it peculiarly neceſſary to enlarge upon and defend a doctrine, which has been much exploded by men of faſhionable religion.

Mr. Buncombe poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare of a ſtrong and ſound judgment, deep penetration, quick diſcernment, and was remarkable for cloſe and acute reaſoning. This aſſociation of natural and acquired abilities amply qualified him for an accompliſhed polemic. He felt, however, no inclination to enter the field of controverſy, preferring the calm retreat to boiſterous ſcenes, and the *ſmooth paths* of quietneſs and peace, to the *rugged road* of angry debate. Like the deep and placid river, he glided gently through life, communicating more bleſſings to ſociety than the diſputant, who, like the ſmall rivulet, raiſes a mighty clamour to little purpoſe.

His *unaffected modeſty* invariably added a mild and pleaſing luſtre to all his other accompliſhments. He uttered the genuine ſentiments of his heart, at the ordination of a young miniſter, whom he addreſſed as follows: "We ſhould be glad to ſee *you*, Sir, ſhine like a ſtar of the firſt magnitude, although *we* ſhould attract leſs attention, by reaſon of *your* ſuperior ſplendour."

In the diſcharge of his *miniſterial duties*, he was a faithful and affectionate paſtor. *He looked well to the ſtate of his flock,*

and watched for ſouls as one that must give an account. He was, as all miniſters ought to be, *blameleſs as the ſteward of God, not ſelf willed, not given to wine, no ſtriker, not given to filthy lucre, but a lover of hoſpitality, a lover of good men, ſober, juſt, holy temperate, holding faſt the faithful word as he had been taught, that he might be able, by ſound doctrine, both to exhort, and convince gainſayers.*

For many years he was in the habit of training up youth in the knowledge of the languages, and qualifying them for the academy at Bridport, and when it was afterwards removed to Taunton. In this capacity, he rendered himſelf peculiarly eminent and uſeful. In the government of a ſchool, few excelled him; for he poſſeſſed the happy talent of making himſelf ſo agreeable to his pupils as to ſecure both their reverence and affection. Many able miniſters, who now honourably fill their reſpective ſtations in the church of Chriſt, received the rudiments of their education under him, and, we believe, will all unite in venerating his memory, and will readily acknowledge that the time which they ſpent in his family was the happieſt part of their youthful days.

The conſcientious and holy obſervation of the Lord's day, was another ſtriking and amiable trait in Mr. Buncombe's character. A friend, on whoſe veracity we can depend, and who, in the early part of life, reſided three years under his roof, aſſures us, that he never remembers to have obſerved the Sabbath kept in any houſe with greater—with equal ſanctity.

All the young gentlemen under his care, were expected to remember the text and the leading ideas of the diſcourſe; and being furniſhed with Bibles, were directed to fold down thoſe ſcriptures which were adduced in ſupport of the doctrine, or illuſtrated in the courſe of the ſermon. In the interval of the morning and afternoon ſervice, they were employed in the peruſal of Mr. Henry's Expoſition. On their return from the houſe of God, they were required to read, or repeat from memory, the ſubſtance of what they had heard, together with the ſcriptures they had folded down. He would then take occaſion, in a very familiar and affectionate manner, to apply to their conſciences the truths they had heard, and conclude the exerciſe with prayer. After family worſhip, reading the book of Martyrs, or the lives of eminent perſons, and the repetition of a hymn by each of the ſcholars, terminated the duties of the

day equally pleasing and profitable. Copious remarks on the utility of this pious and regular appropriation of the respective parts of the Sabbath to the conveyance of spiritual instruction, would here be superfluous. But for the encouragement of those who feel inclined to follow an example so laudable, we are happy to observe, that the efforts of Mr. Buncombe were attended with much success, and that many who were his pupils, with pleasure acknowledge, that to his valuable advice and paternal admonitions, they are indebted for useful and salutary impressions, which the subsequent scenes of active life have never been able to efface.

In a *relative capacity* his virtues were equally conspicuous. He was an indulgent husband, a tender father, a kind master, a charitable neighbour, a faithful and zealous friend. He was remarkable for his cheerful and affable demeanour to all within the circle of his acquaintance. These qualities, added to his genuine and unaffected piety, rendered him a most pleasing companion; and very few ever left his company without deriving some degree of improvement and pleasure from his conversation. On all occasions he discovered an uniform aversion to a spirit of detraction and calumny. In a word, integrity, humility and love, so greatly pervaded the whole of his public and private deportment, as to render his death the subject of more general lamentation than has been witnessed, on any occasion, in the place of his residence for many years.

But distinguished as he was for numerous excellencies, we are led to mourn that the treasure was contained in an earthen vessel, liable to be broken in an instant. About nineteen years ago, he was attacked by a fever so violent and dangerous, as exceedingly to alarm his friends for his safety. Though the Lord restored him, in answer to the many and fervent prayers of the righteous, yet so debilitated was his constitution by the disorder, that he was ever after unable to endure excessive fatigue—an indication to him and his family, that the earthly house of his tabernacle would shortly be dissolved.

The close of his ministerial labours at length approaches. His appointed labours are completed. He is ripened for glory, and the Lord of the vineyard descends to gather his pleasant fruit. We cannot but observe, that the interval of time from his last sermon to the day of his death, exactly corresponds with that of Mr. Armitage, whose Memoir was given in

our preceding Number. On the 16th of March, he preached on Luke i. 72. "To perform the mercy promiſed to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant." A text more appoſite could not well have been ſelected, had he been appriſed that this was the laſt diſcourſe he was ever to deliver. The doctrines which he advanced from theſe words were, firſt, God will remember his covenant to his people in all his perfections, and all his relations, as a father—a friend—a ſhepherd—a huſband. Secondly, In his covenant, God will make over his Son to his people, as a prophet—a prieſt—and a king.

The attack which brought the building to the duſt, and let looſe the immortal reſident, was of a bilious nature, attended with ſymptoms of the gravel. On Friday the 21ſt of March, he was confined to his chamber. On the 23d, a near relative ſaw him, between five and ſix in the evening, and told him, that ſhe thought he looked better than ſhe had ſeen him for a conſiderable time. He replied, "I am better." Mrs. B. ſat with him about half an hour, and took her leave of him, enlivened in her ſpirits by the flattering proſpect of his recovery. But, alas! theſe encouraging ſymptoms were of ſhort duration; for juſt as the clock ſtruck eight, ſhe received a meſſage, informing her that Mr. Buncombe was very ill. Mr. Keſtil, the apothecary, having been called, they both entered the room together. Mrs. B. approached the bed, and he, ſtretching out his hand to take her's, ſaid, "Oh Mrs. B. you are come to ſee a dying man!" She replied, "I hope not; how long have you been worſe?" Mr. Keſtil ſaid, "I left Mr. Buncombe after ſeven o'clock, and thought him well enough to begin a courſe of bark to-morrow. What is the matter, my dear Sir?"—"My bowels, my bowels," ſaid Mr. Buncombe, groaning in the greateſt agony. Every thing was applied that could be thought of by Mr. Keſtil, to render aſſiſtance, but all his efforts were ineffectual. The phyſician was called in on Monday, to whom he ſaid, "I will take whatever you preſcribe, though I have no expectations of relief from it."

While the attendants were adminiſtering the preſcription, he felt more than uſual pain, and exclaimed, "Do let a dying man die in peace!" In the afternoon his friend ſaid to him, "You ſeem to be going to take poſſeſſion of the heavenly inheritance before Mrs. L." who was then ſuppoſed to be on the borders of eternity. He replied, "I hope ſo;" and added,

"I will go in the ſtrength of the Lord God; I will make mention of his righteouſneſs, even of his only." Mrs. B. ſaid, "I hope you now find his rod and his ſtaff ſupporting you." He replied with energy, "I do." His friend then ſaid, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory." He did not hear diſtinctly what had been ſaid, Mrs. B. being ſcarcely able to ſpeak for tears. He therefore aſked, "What did you ſay?" She then repeated it, and added, "through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt."—"Yes," returned he, with a holy cheerfulneſs, "yes, that is the ſource of joy, through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt." During the remaining part of that night, Mrs. E. his daughter-in-law, and the Rev. John Varder continued with him. Mrs. E. aſked him, if he ſtill felt the light of God's countenance refreſhing to him. He replied, "Oh! wonderfully—wonderfully!—a fund of conſolation!" At another time, expreſſing his thankfulneſs that Satan was not ſuffered to moleſt him, "he cheerfully ſaid, "I hope I am able to rely on the great ſalvation of the Goſpel." A perſon preſent ſaid, "O Death, where is thy ſting?" He replied, "As to the ſting of death, I bleſs God I feel but little of it—Bleſſed be God for truſt and peace!" Some ſhort time after, he endeavoured to expreſs his faith and joy in Chriſt, as a great Mediator, and all-ſufficient Saviour, but his ſtrength was ſo exhauſted and his breath ſo ſhort, that little more could be underſtood than broken ſentences and detached words. In this ſtate of extreme debility, he repeated thoſe impreſſive lines of Dr. Watts,

"A guilty, weak and helpleſs worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."

Here his voice failed him, and Mrs. E. added,

"Be thou my ſtrength and righteouſneſs."

When he ſeemed to ſummon all his powers, and emphatically added,

"My Jeſus and my all."

To the Rev. Mr. Varder he ſaid, "When I conſider almighty power, everlaſting love, a complete righteouſneſs, boundleſs merit, and a well ordered covenant,—a finiſhed ſalvation——" Here he ſtopped. "You, Sir," ſaid Mr. Varder, "are intereſted in this ſalvation." He replied, "I dare not ſpeak with confidence; but, bleſſed be God, I have ſuch a

ſteady hope as the enemy of ſouls has not ben able to move." Theſe appear to have been the laſt words he uttered, at leaſt, ſo as to be underſtood, for he never ſpoke after five o'clock on Tueſday morning, but lay quite compoſed, and without any apparent pain of body, until the clock ſtruck four in the afternoon, when, without a groan or a ſtruggle, he calmly breathed out his laſt, March 25th, 1794.*

> *" The chamber where the good man meets his fate,*
> *Is privileg'd beyond the common walk*
> *Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven!"*
>
> YOUNG.

The mortal part of this good man was committed to the duſt, on the Saturday evening following, in the burying-yard belonging to his own church. Six miniſters ſupported the pall, and the Rev. James Small, of Axminſter, delivered the funeral oration at the grave. The Vicar of the pariſh, the Rev. Fulwood Smerdon, Mr. Keſtil, the apothecary, and Mr. Small, walked before the corpſe; and as a ſtrong expreſſion of the affection and reverence they entertained for the character of the deceaſed, proceeded from the houſe to the grave uncovered. The crowd attending was very great, and yet a ſolemn ſilence reigned. Scarce an eye that beheld the mournful proceſſion, but paid the friendly tribute of a tear.

On the enſuing Lord's day, a ſermon was preached on the ſolemn providence, by the Rev. Iſaac Tozer, of Charmouth, Devon, on 2 Kings, ii. 11, 12. " And it came to paſs as they ſtill went on, and talked, that behold there appeared a chariot of fire, and horſes of fire, and parted them aſunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And lo! Eliſha ſaw it, and he cried, my Father, my Father, the chariot of Iſrael and the horſemen thereof." Moſt, if not all the principal families in the place, belonging to the eſtabliſhed church, attended on

* *How great is the uncertainty of life! Mr. Lacy (brother in-law to Mrs. Buncombe) on the 29th of April went into a garden at a ſmall diſtance from his houſe, about half after ſix o'clock in the evening, in perfect health, but in leſs than half an hour, he was found dead. With the ſtricteſt propriety it is ſaid, " What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appears for a little while, and then vaniſheth away. Therefore be ye alſo ready, for in ſuch an hour as you think not, the Son of Man cometh."*

on this occaſion, as a token of the great reſpect they entertained for his memory. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my laſt end be like his!"

At the death of this excellent man, let us not mourn as for one without hope. Let not the tear of ſorrow flow for *him*, but rather let it be reſerved for ourſelves, the church and the world, who by his removal have loſt a valuable member of ſociety. Weep not, ſince his entrance into the celeſtial abodes becomes the ſubject of angelic congratulations, for it affords a freſh trophy to the triumphs of Immanuel's grace. Weep not, ſince the manner of his death opens a ſource of encouragement to fearful ſaints; for it depoſits an additional teſtimony to the reality and divine excellence of the religion of Jeſus, and teaches us how to die.

> "*Our dying friends are pioneers, to ſmooth*
> *Our rugged path to death; to break thoſe bars*
> *Of terror and abhorrence, Nature throws*
> *Croſs our obſtructed way, and make*
> *Welcome, as ſafe, our port from ev'ry ſtorm.*
> ——— *Smitten friends,*
> *Are angels, ſent on errands full of love!*
> *For us they languiſh, and for us they die.*" YOUNG.

His body was committed to the grave, not as to a *priſon*, but as to a peaceful *repoſitory* of the ſleeping duſt, in ſure and certain hope of the reſurrection to eternal life. With an unſhaken confidence we look for that period, "when the trumpet ſhall ſound, and the dead ſhall be raiſed incorruptible, faſhioned like unto the glorious body of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt. This corruptible ſhall put on incorruption, and this mortal ſhall put on immortality—then ſhall be brought to paſs the ſaying that is written—Death is ſwallowed up in victory."

Great Father of mercies, permit us to indulge theſe ſympathetic emotions which thou haſt rendered, in the order of nature, ſo eſſential to ſocial exiſtence. We dare not murmur at thy diſpenſations, but we are encouraged to pray, Heal the breach which thou haſt made. Send the Comforter to the bereaved family, and let not the widowed church be ſcattered "as ſheep that have no ſhepherd." May the good Shepherd

of the flock direct them to "a paſtor according to his own heart, who ſhall feed them with knowledge and underſtanding," that they may increaſe exceedingly, and be for a praiſe in the earth!

(From the Chriſtian Cabinet.)

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF R.— A.— LATE OF TALBOT, MARYLAND.

AS death is the inevitable lot of mortals, however diſtant the thoughtleſs may find the period, it is the wiſdom of all that muſt encounter the important ſcene, to prepare for the ſolemnities of that hour. The means of improvement are innumerable, and among thoſe, the *life* and *death* of ſuch as have gone before us, are not to be accounted the ſmalleſt.

The relation which I am now to give of a perſon with whom I was intimately acquainted, may ſerve to awaken our fears, leſt a promiſe being left us of entering into reſt, any of you come ſhort of it.

This youth, like all others, in an unwakened ſtate, lived in ſecurity ſomewhere about twenty years. It pleaſed the Father of Mercies to convince him that the life he lived would lead him to deſtruction, and that it was high time to ſeek the Lord while he might be found and to call upon him while he was near. With this conviction he ſet out to ſave his ſoul. He thought it his duty to join the church of God, and to beg divine aſſiſtance to fulfil the covenant engagements that were made in his behalf at the time of his baptiſm.

It was not long before he thought he had found the pearl of great price, and appeared to rejoice in a preſent ſalvation, his words were, "I know by experience, that God has power on earth to forgive ſin." He walked in all the means of grace for ſeveral years. At length he thought it his duty to change his condition of life. Unhappy for him, he choſe a gay handſome young lady, but a ſtranger to religious ſerioufneſs, and

although she was not of his way of thinking, his family and personal appearance, pleased her so well, that she submitted to his request, thinking that after they were married, she could cure him of his religious frenzy———and two well she succeeded in the attempt.

At first she began to reason with him in her way; she observed, that if they meant to be thought any thing of by their friends and neighbours, they should not treat them with so much neglect, when they invited them to go to this, that, and the other place of diversion—That he knew how much persons of his way of thinking were neglected by people of respectability; that he kept so much reading and praying going on in his house, that the neighbours laughed at it, in fine, said she, I married you to be happy with you, but I utterly despair of happiness, unless you will leave it off, and be like other people.

He told her that happiness was what he wanted, what he sought, and what he had found; but he never found it in those things which she esteemed to be objects of happiness, but that he found it in his God and religion; he told her that he hoped that he should ever make it his highest ambition to make her happy, but that he was certain, that happiness that arose from the customs and manners of this world, was not substantial; that although for the present it might afford imaginary sweetness, in the end it would be bitter as death.

When she found that mildness would not do, she took the harsher way. She refused to conform to family devotion.—He grieved, he wept, and in secret he often prayed for her, but to no purpose. She used every stratagem that her frightful imagination could invent; she persisted on till she finally wearied him out, he thought it was in vain to try any longer to bear up under the opposition he met with. He thought he would attend to his private duties, and try to get to heaven alone, if she would not go with him; but she pursued him to his closet, and finally drove him from every retreat, until he gave up every religious duty.

When he gave over the cultivation of his heart by grace, and the regulation of his life by religion, he soon found the corruptions of his heart to stir within, they broke out in his life, till he finally gratified her in every request she made, and

ran to greater lengths, than ever he did before he made a profeſſion of religion: he found the truth of this proverb, *The backſlider ſhall be filled with his own ways.*

Some time after this he went to hear a ſermon that was preached on a particular occaſion, in which the miniſter entered into all the feelings of the heart, and all his ſins were brought to his remembrance. He there promiſed the Lord once more, that he would ſet out to ſerve him, let his oppoſition be what it would. But his difficulties appeared to be greater, he found he had much leſs ſtrength to reſiſt them than he had before. He found himſelf in his enemy's hands, and that he was like a man who had been bound by his enemy when he was aſleep, and afterwards awoke with ſurpriſe. He ſtruggles, but he cannot get free, he groans under his bondage, and wiſhes for liberty, but in vain. His wife redoubledher efforts, and gained her point a ſecond time.

He continued in this ſtate for ſome time, ſinning with but little remorſe of conſcience. He loſt his deſires for all the means of grace, and entirely forſook the company of the people of God; he gave himſelf up to the cuſtoms and maxims of the world, without having regard even to morality.

After this he was laid upon a bed of affliction, and his life was deſpaired of, by himſelf and his friends. In this affliction, his fears were all alarmed, his ſins appeared in dreadful colours before him, and he viewed them in ſuch a light, that he thought he dare not look up to God for mercy. "How can I, (ſaid he) expect that God will pardon me, when I have ran counter to his will, grieved his ſpirit, ſinned away all that peace I once enjoyed, and finally have gone farther ſince my apoſtacy, than I ever did before I pretended to religion? O that I had my time to live over again, or O that I had never been born? His diſorder increaſed, and his fears were wrought up to terror. "If (ſaid he) God would give me another trial, I would amend my ways; if God will not hear me, perhaps he will hear the prayers of his people in my behalf; O ſend for them that they may pray for me, for how can I ſtand before the avenger of ſin, in this my lamentable condition! His friends viſited him and God heard prayers in his behalf, and contrary to expectation, he recovered. But as his ſtrength of body increaſed, his conviction ſubſided, and by the time he

was reſtored to health, he was ready for, and actually did return to all his former vices.

Several years after this, I fell in company with him when we entered into cloſe converſation about the ſtate of his ſoul, I aſked him what he thought would become of him if he died in his preſent ſtate? "Why," ſaid he, "as ſure as God is in heaven I ſhould be damned;" "Well, ſaid I, do you mean to die in this ſtate? do you never think of changing your courſe of life?" "my friend" ſaid he, "I have no deſire to ſerve God, I have no deſire for any thing that is good; to tell you the truth ſaid he, I as much believe my damnation is ſealed, as I believe I am ſitting converſing with you. I know ſaid he, the very time when the ſpirit of God took its flight, and what you may be more ſurpriſed at than all I have yet ſaid, is, I am not troubled about it, no, no more than if there was no God to puniſh ſin, nor a hell to puniſh ſinners in. I was ſtruck ſpeechleſs, I cannot paint to the reader's imagination, the feeling that I had at that time; but I could ſay no more to him, I could only obſerve with what an air of indifference he ſpoke it, and notwithſtanding he ſpoke with confidence, and his words made ſuch impreſſions on my mind, yet his heart appeared as unfeeling as a ſtone. After I parted with him I fell into meditation on the awful ſubject. Lord thought I, who have I been converſing with? An immortal ſpirit cloathed with fleſh and blood, that appears to be ſealed over to eternal damnation! A man that once had a day of grace, and the offer of mercy but now all appears to be loſt! the door of heaven is ſhut againſt him never to be opened more. He once had it in his power to accept of ſalvation, and becauſe he did not improve his time and talent, God judicially has taken them all away, and given him over to hardneſs of heart, and blindneſs of mind; he is neither moved by mercy, nor terrified by judgment. May this be a leſſon to me, thought I, to improve to the glory of God, and the ſalvation of my own ſoul.

About two years after he was laid upon a dying bed, and his conſcience roared like thunder againſt him, and every ſenſe within him appeared to be awakened to torment him. His ſickneſs was ſhort, and his end awful. His chriſtian friends came to viſit him, and wanted to adminiſter to his comfort, but he was comfortleſs. They told him perhaps he was miſ-

taken, it was not as bad with him as he imagined. "Ah!" ſaid he, "would to God I was miſtaken, happy would it be for me, But," continued he, "can I be miſtaken about my affliction? Is it imagination that confines me here? Are my pains imaginary? No, no, they are a reality, and I am as certain of my damnation, as I am of my affliction."

Some perſons offered to go to prayer with him, but he forbid it. He charged them not to attempt it; "For," ſaid he, that moment you attempt to liſt up your hearts to God in my behalf, I feel the flames of hell kindle in my breaſt. You might as well pray for the devil as for me, you would have as much ſucceſs. Do yo think to force God? Do you think to force the gates of heaven, that are barred by juſtice againſt me? No, your prayers ſhall return upon your own heads, I want none of them." The diſtreſs of his mind ſeemed to ſwallow up that of his body, and he continued nearly in the ſame ſituation, till the day he made his exit. All that chriſtians or chriſtian miniſters could ſay to him, made no impreſſion on his mind. He never aſked any one to pity nor pray for him.

Juſt before he departed, after he had been rolling for ſome time, from ſide to ſide, with horror depicted in every feature of his face, he called out to his wife, to bring him a cup of cold water, "For, ſaid he, in one hour I ſhall be where I ſhall never get another drop." She brought him the water, he took and drank it with greedineſs, he reached back the cup with his trembling hand, he ſtared her in the face, his eyes flaſhed terror all around him, he cried out, "Becky, Becky, you are the cauſe of my eternal damnation." He turned over, and with an awful groan left the world and launched into a boundleſs eternity.

If the reader ſhould aſk after his wife, what impreſſions it made on her mind; all I have to ſay, is, I fear ſhe died as ſhe lived.

A PORTRAIT OF A MAN OF PLEASURE.

Shewing the dreadful end of thoſe who live in the gaieties of life, and ſpurn at the religion of Jeſus Chriſt.

I AM about to repreſent to you the laſt hours of a perſon of high birth, and high ſpirit; of great parts, and ſtrong paſſions, every way accompliſhed, nor leaſt in iniquity. His unkind treatment was the death of a moſt amiable wife; and his great extravagance, in effect, diſinherited his only child.

The *death bed* of a profligate, is next in horror to the abyss, to which it leads. It has the moſt of hell that is viſible on earth. And he that has ſeen it, has more than faith to confirm him in his creed. I ſee it now. For who can forget it? Are there in it no flames, and furies—You know not, then, what a ſcared imagination can figure; what a guilty heart can feel. How diſmal is it! The two great enemies of ſoul and body, *ſickneſs*, and *ſin*, ſink and confound his friends; ſilence and darken the ſhocking ſcene. Sickneſs excludes the *light* of heaven; and ſin, its bleſſed *hope*. Oh! double darkneſs! more than *Egyptian!* Acutely to be felt!

How unlike thoſe illuminated revels of which he was the ſoul? Did this poor, pallid, ſcarce-animated maſs dictate in the cabinet of pleaſure; pronouce the faſhion; and teach the gaieſt to be gay? Are theſe the trophies of his *Paphian* conqueſts? these the triumphs to be bought with heaven? Is this he who ſmote all their hearts with envy at his pre-eminence in guilt? See how he lies a ſad, deſerted out-caſt, on a narrow iſthmus between time and eternity! for he is ſcarce alive. Laſhed and overwhelmed on one ſide, by the ſenſe of ſin; on the other, by the dread of puniſhment! Beyond the reach of human help, and in deſpair of divine!

The ghoſt of his murdered time (for now no more is left) all ſtained with folly, and gaſhed with vice, haunts his diſtracted thoughts. Conſcience which long had ſlept, awakes like a giant refreſhed with wine; lays waſte all his former thoughts, and deſires; and, like a long-depoſed, now victorious prince, on his bleeding heart, impoſes, inflicts, its own. Its late ſoft whiſpers are thunder in his ears; and all means

of grace rejected, exploded, ridiculed, is the bolt that ſtrikes him dead. Dead even to the thoughts of death. In deeper diſtreſs, deſpair of life is forgot. He lies a wretched wreck of man on the ſhore of eternity, and the next breath he draws, blows him off into ruin.

The ſad evening before the death of that noble youth, whoſe laſt hours ſuggeſted theſe thoughts, I was with him.—No one was there but his phyſician, and an intimate whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in he ſaid,

"You and the phyſician are come too late.---I have neither life nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raiſe the dead."

Heaven, I ſaid, was merciful.

"Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bleſs, and to ſave me!---I have been too ſtrong for omnipotence! I plucked down ruin."

I ſaid, the bleſſed Redeemer---

Hold! hold! you wound me! That is the rock on which I ſplit---I denied his name."

Refuſing to hear any thing from me, or take any thing from the phyſician, he lay ſilent, as far as ſudden darts of pain would permit, 'till the clock ſtruck. Then with vehemence;

"Oh, Time! time! It is fit thou ſhouldeſt thus ſtrike thy murderer to the heart---How art thou fled forever! A month---Oh, for a ſingle week! I aſk not for years. Though an age were too little for the much I have to do."

On my ſaying, we could not do too much: That Heaven was a bleſſed place--

"So much the worſe. 'Tis loſt! 'Tis loſt!---Heaven is to me the ſevereſt part of hell!"

Soon after, I propoſed prayer.

"Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray. Nor need I. Is not heaven on my ſide already! It cloſes with my conſcience. Its ſevereſt ſtrokes but ſecond my own."

His friend being much touched, even to tears, at this (who could forbear; I could not) with a moſt affectionate look, he ſaid:

"Keep thoſe tears for thyſelf. I have undone thee. Doſt weep for me? That's cruel. What can pain more?

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.

No, ſtay, *thou* ſtill mayeſt *hope* ;---Therefore hear me.—How madly have I talked ? How madly haſt thou liſtened, and believed ? But look on my preſent ſtate, as a full anſwer to thee, and to myſelf. This body is all weakneſs and pain but my ſoul as if ſtung up by torment to greater ſtrength and ſpirit, is full powerful to reaſon ; full mighty to ſuffer. And that which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is doubtleſs *immortal.*—And, as for a *deity*, nothing leſs than an Almighty could inflict what I feel."

I was about to congratulate this paſſive, involuntary confeſſor, on his aſſerting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature ; when he thus, very paſſionately:

" No, no ! let me ſpeak on, I have not long to ſpeak. My much injured friend ! my ſoul, as my body, lies in ruins ; in ſcattered fragments of broken thought : Remorſe for the paſt, throws my thoughts on the future. Worſe dread of the future, ſtrikes it back on the paſt, I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didſt thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldſt ſtruggle with the martyr for his ſtake ; and bleſs heaven for the flame ; that is not an everlaſting flame ; that is not unquenchable fire."

" Oh ! thou blaſphemed, yet moſt indulgent, Lord God ! hell itſelf, is a refuge, if it hides me from thy frown."

Soon after, his underſtanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or even forgot.—And ere the ſun (which I hope has ſaw few like him) aroſe, the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accompliſhed, and moſt wretched, *Altamont** expired.

" Ye ſtaunch purſuers of *pleaſure*, opening in full cry on its burning ſcent ! who run yourſelves out of breath, health, credit, eſtate, and often life, after that you cannot catch ! For a moment ſlacken your ſpeed, and cool the fervor of your chace. It is a friend that calls, and he is his own, that hears.

" Conſider, my good friends ! you ſtill retain the name of Chriſtians ; and have heard of the ſcriptures. To ſpeak their language, If Chriſtians are racers, you have not yet ſtarted : If warriors, your armour is not yet on : If labourers in the

* *It is believed, on good authority, that this perſon was Lord Bolingbroke, a famous Deiſt.*

vineyard, you pluck down the vine, and get drunk with the grapes: If watchers, your nap is not yet over. There is no man, but in ſome part of life, either ſtung by ſelf-moved conſcience, or alarmed by ſome providential event, as out of a long idle dream, ſtarts at once, into his ſenſes. The longer the dream, the greater his ſurpriſe and pain; and, if he nods to the laſt, the pain and horror (as too well has been proved) is inexpreſſible.

"Have you never conſulted the workings of nature! Have you never been ſurpriſed with a ſerious *feeling* of heart? When I ſtand, though a ſtranger, on the verge of another's grave; when I ſee the ſhaken mould take poſſeſſion of human pride; and hear the ſolemn ſound of *duſt to duſt*; what ſwelling of ſoul, but inſtantly ſubſides? What ſalutary thoughts, but, at once, it inſpires.

THE

BEGGAR AND NO BEGGAR;

OR,

EVERY MAN A KING IF HE WILL.

A PARABLE.

Containing an Example of a Perfect Man in Christ.

THERE was in times paſt a perſon of a very great name both for learning and piety, and who was generally eſteemed a guide of much underſtanding in the way to *Jeruſalem*; the reputation whereof made him to be conſulted by a multitude of travellers thither, coming from all parts.—He had indeed been himſelf a traveller for many years, but he had loſt his way abundance of times, and had been frequently alſo ſtripped and beaten by thieves and robbers ſetting upon him unawares. This nevertheleſs did not diſcourage him, but quickly recovering himſelf he purſued his intention, hoping to attain at length the end of his journey, which would make amends for all that he had ſuffered: and as many as came to him he encouraged to go along with him; telling

them what great things they might expect, and ſhewing them withal a map of the city, with a deſcription of the roads leading to it.

For he had made it his buſineſs to pick up all the accounts that it was poſſible, concerning this place. And having as well informed himſelf both from the relations of all ſorts of travellers thitherwards, and from all the books and charts which he could meet with, that had any relation thereto, as he was able to do; no wonder if he was almoſt ready to conclude that there was little or nothing further to be done by him, for acquiring the knowledge which was needful, both for himſelf and others, to bring them ſafe thither.

However, this was not very long ſatisfactory to him: and it was much more eaſy for him to ſatisfy others who had a great value for him, than to give reſt to himſelf; as who clearly ſaw that there was ſomething yet wanting, without which it would be impoſſible for his mind to be ever quiet.—The relations of pilgrims and travellers were ſo diſagreeing, and the very beſt accounts to be found in books and maps ſo imperfect; as he now diſcerned himſelf, after all the pains he had taken, and all the fame he had gotten, to be very much ſtill at a loſs. Fain would he be at Jeruſalem: But he had not yet learned to *covet but one thing*; for his head was filled with many ſchemes, from what he had read, or what had otherwiſe occurred to him. This made him to appear *ſomebody*, and to have *ſomething* in him, deſerving to be eſteemed. And hence he could not be brought to ſay in his heart, that he was nothing, and had nothing, and coveted nothing but *One*.

He has now grown grey with years, and the fame of his great wiſdom and experience made him to be flocked to by vaſt numbers of people of every degree, looking upon him as an oracle; when his diſſatisfaction with himſelf increaſing, a thought aroſe in him, that he would do well to retire wholly from the world, if this could be effected, and to give himſelf up to meditation and prayer; whatſoever might be the conſequence hereof as to his worldly reputation. This he endeavoured preſently to put in execution accordingly; but the lot in which he was placed, and the charge which was laid upon him, would not ſuffer him to diſentangle himſelf all at once, and to retire into the wilderneſs; through which there were

ſeveral pilgrims travelling, as he heard to Jeruſalem, under a ſafe conduct.

But he retired as much as was poſſible for him; and bitterly lamented the ſtate which he had taken upon him, and the character which he bore with ſo great applauſe of men; fearing that he might not only fall himſelf into the ditch, or a ſnare, but might lead alſo others unadviſedly into it, whom he had undertaken to guide. This was indeed his greateſt concern: and this made him cry night and day for ſuccour; and to ſeek with all earneſtneſs and diligence for a better guide than himſelf, that he might be led in the way of truth.

In the meantime his reputation by this means began to decreaſe: and ſo his character ſinking from what it was, he was mightily humbled in his ſoul, and had alſo greater leiſure and opportunity thereby, than ever he had before, for obtaining the end which he had propoſed, the *viſion of peace*, which is the *paradiſe of the Soul* in the contemplation and love of God, as in the face of *Jeſus*. And to find the entrances of this paradiſe his mind was now wholly bent; ſo that for the ſake hereof he forſook all things, and made himſelf poor and naked both in his own ſight, and in the ſight of God. The effect of which was this which here followeth.

As it had been his principal ſtudy for the greateſt part of his life to find out where the paradiſe of ſouls is ſeated, and conſequently how it might be recovered again by thoſe who had loſt it; and the land and city of peace might ſecurely be arrived to: and as he now experienced all his toil and learning herein to be vain, and rather to confound than to help him;—he was therefore content to be ſtripped of all that he had, for the love of Jeſus; and to be emptied of all that he had ever learned, that ſo he might be filled with the knowledge of his croſs, as the only ſtaff and ſupport of him in the way which he was now entered into.

As he was now under this ſtate of the croſs, he importuned God with ſtrong cries and ſupplications, and continued the ſpace of ſeven years and upwards in much anxiety, feeling and reaching after God as in the dark cloud of faith. And in the eighth year ſome light began to ſpring up in his ſoul, by which he was ſecretly encouraged to preſs ſtill on more earneſtly, not doubting but that he ſhould at laſt obtain his petition.—For conceiving, and lamenting, that he wanted the right

knowledge of truth, notwithſtanding all his academical learning, he ſpent whole nights in prayer, begging of God with tears, to let him both *know him* and *know himſelf*: And that he would be pleaſed for this end to ſhew him ſome man or other that might *from him* confer with, and inſtruct him in the *way of truth*; and lead him by the moſt compendious path to the *city of Peace*, where he longed mightily to be.

And it came to paſs upon a certain time when he was inflamed with a moſt vehement deſire of the truth, after he had watched and wreſtled with God all the night in ſtrong prayer, a ſoft voice came unto him from Heaven, ſaying, "*Ariſe, go* "*thou forth to the threſhold of the church, and there thou ſhalt* "*find a man who ſhall teach thee the way of* truth."

So he aroſe, and went forth accordingly to the church-perch, it being now morning; but was greatly ſurpriſed to find there a certain **Beggar*, lying in a condition which appeared to him moſt deſpicable and moſt deplorable. This ſeemed at firſt to him no ſmall diſappointment; but it only ſeemed ſo. For he was moved much to compaſſion by the (ſeeming) miſerable ſtate of this beggar; whom he would willingly have relieved, thinking he had never ſeen a greater object of pity in all his life; being one that had not an hole where to lay his head, and could find therefore no better place than to lie without at the church doors; one who had a ſtone to his pillow, and had not ſo much as ſandals to his feet; and who had not either ſtaff or ſcrip to travel with, and all whoſe apparel was ſcarce worth three half-pence; one whoſe legs were covered with ſores, from which iſſued a filthy matter, and whoſe looks were altogether marred ſo as to be very ghaſtly to behold. Now the ſcholar earneſtly beholding the beggar, greeted him in this manner: "*Good morning to you.*" The beggar anſwered him very cheerfully, *I never had a* bad *one that I can remember.*

"*What!*" ſaith the ſcholar, ſcarce believing his own ears, "What is it you ſay? Friend, I bade you *good morrow*:— This I repeat to you again very heartily. And if this be not thought yet comprehenſible enough, becauſe a fair morning may have a foul afternoon, I therefore further add, God grant

* *Colloquium D. Joannis Thaneri*, p. 833. 1615.

to you a *good day. God be thanked*, ſaith the beggar, *every day" is to me a* good day: Sir, *I know not what an* evil day *meaneth.* The ſcholar was not a little ſurpriſed at ſuch ſorts of anſwers: but the beggar inſiſted, that he could never remember that he had once had a bad day in all his life; and that the *evening* and the *morning* were to him as *one day*, which God had bleſſed from the beginning.

Here the ſcholar going to correct his manner of ſalutation, ſaid, " *Peace be with thee, brother.*" To which the beggar made anſwer—*And with thy ſpirit alſo; for with me it is already.*

After ſome ſmall pauſe the ſcholar proceeded:—" Then give me leave to wiſh you *good luck* in the name of the Lord." *And why ſo?* ſaid the beggar, ſmiling, *for I never had any* ill luck.

This appeared very ſtrange to the ſcholar, who could not comprehend how any man in the world could be exempted from it; and much leſs how *he* could be ſo, as he viewed him from head to foot. And though he admired the ſprightlineſs of the poor man's wit (as he thought) and the peculiarity of his anſwers; he could not but have ſtill very great yearnings of piety for him, to ſee ſuch an one lie thus expoſed in rags, and without any of the outward conveniencies of life. And therefore the ſcholar was not able to refrain at leaſt his good wiſhes for him notwithſtanding all the remonſtrances which the beggar had made: but, pitying the misfortunes of body and eſtate, continued to repreſent that he could be glad to ſee him in a more *fortunate* condition of life; as on the other hand the beggar to deny, that he was at all *unfortunate.*

Hereupon the ſcholar: Thou not *unfortunate!* Why doſt thou ſpeak in this manner? how is this? May I not wiſh thee good luck from a right ground; and better ſucceſs than hitherto thou haſt had in the world, ſo it be *in the name of the Lord?* To whom the beggar again: *Wiſh me not, good ſir*, more fortunate *than I am; for truly I cannot complain at all of* fortune. *I have heard indeed what the world commonly meaneth by theſe words* fortunate *and* unfortunate: *But I am not concerned for one or the other of them.* Fortunate I would not be in the common ſenſe; and I know not what it is to be unfortunate in any. Well, then ſaid he, the Lord make

thee proſperous, But I, ſaid the other, was never unproſperous.

At this laſt word the ſcholar ſtood amazed, and viewed him again and again throughout, and conſidered all the circumſtances wherein he had appeared to him. And leaſt he ſhould haply have miſtaken him in the hearing, or not have comprehended his ſenſe fully, he was willing to repeat again his prayer for him, though in words a little differing; that ſo his anſwer might be the more diſtinct. "Be happy," ſaid he, "Be as happy as thou canſt wiſh for: Sure thou haſt nothing to object againſt this; happineſs being that which all muſt deſire. Let me therefore wiſh thee happy." Wiſh me, Sir, happy! cried the beggar; Why, I never was unhappy.

The ſcholar was more and more aſtoniſhed at the anſwers of the beggar, who as to all that outwardly appeared of him, was a moſt unfortunate and unproſperous man, unhappy even to the laſt degree: But who ſtill perſiſted to maintain the contrary of what appeared to the eye. So that he was greatly puzzled what to think of him; and had ſome ſuſpicion that all this might be perhaps only for a trial of wit. What mean ſaid he, theſe words of yours? again I wiſh you happy, and the beſt fortune in all your undertakings. In a word, may every thing happen to you as you deſire: May you have all you wiſh to have." I have no reaſon, ſaith the beggar, for complaint. Becauſe all things happen as I will, though I never ſo much as ſet my mind upon fortune.

At which the ſcholar, as if he were about to take his leave of him, ſaid to him: *God* keep you, honeſt friend, ſince you care not for *fortune*. But tell me now, I pray you, are you the only happy perſon among miſerable mortals? *Job* then is out, who affirmeth, "That man born of a woman is of ſhort time and full of miſeries:" And how have you alone eſcaped all evil days? Whom make you yourſelf to be? I do not ſufficiently underſtand your meaning. *God ſave you.* Now at laſt ſpeak to me more plainly.

To whom the beggar: That I will do very willingly.—You did wiſh me at firſt a *good morning*: And after that you wiſhed me alſo a *good day*. And I anſwered you, that I never had to my remembrance an *evil morning* or a *bad day*. And it is ſo even in truth, as I ſaid. For every morning is to me a *good morning*, being given me by my father in heaven: and

every day is to me a *good day*, he having graciouſly vouchſafed his word to be the light thereof. Therefore I praiſe him every morning: and day unto day ſheweth more and more of his goodneſs. Hence it is that I never have had one unproſperous day; but all things have ſucceeded for the beſt, ever ſince I firſt entered into this courſe wherein you now ſee me: notwithſtanding any *appearances* to the contrary.

For what the world doth generally call *misfortunes* are no more than appearances. Theſe therefore hurt me not at all, nor cauſe me an evil time: But I am made to continue under them, by the grace of God, always the ſame. The lot which is aſſigned me of God, whatſoever it appear, I am certain muſt be good: and therefore I thank God for it. If it appear an evil, I am ſure it will be *good* for me, yea *very good*, unleſs it be my own fault: And therefore for all that falleth upon me, I ſay, *Bleſſed be the name of the Lord.* In every ſeaſon, in every weather, in every change of the times, thus I have ſtill a bleſſed morning, and a good time. Whether I be full or empty, I praiſe God. When I am pinched with hunger, I praiſe him; or if with cold, I praiſe him alſo. If it hail, if it ſnow, if it thunder, if the heaven be fair or foul; I praiſe God. In a word, if I be ever ſo wretched in the eye of the world; and deſpiſed and reproached of men, as the very off-ſcouring of the earth, I likewiſe praiſe God: And therefore there hath never happened any ſad morning unto me, nor hath any evil day overtaken me; but I have ever had a good time of it, and *peace* in God.

Wherefore when you wiſhed me *peace*, I anſwered that it was with me already: and I heartily wiſh that it may be with you likewiſe, as it is with me; whence I ſaid, *And with thy ſpirit.* This inward peace of mind under all events, is that which hath ſupported me ſo very wonderfully; for it hath a certain tranſmuting power, by which the bitter is made ſweet, and which can change even curſes into bleſſings, as experience hath taught me. Wherefore profeſſing this gift of God, I fear not either the terror by night, nor the arrow by day, knowing no evil can happen unto me, nor any plague come nigh me, to annoy me, who by faith abide under the ſhadow of the Almighty.

You did likewiſe wiſh that I might be *fortunate*:—And I anſwered you, that I never had been *unfortunate.* Yea you

wiſhed me in the name of the Lord *good luck:* and I told you, that I never had any *bad*, neither feared any. Becauſe I know to live with God, and to reſt under his defence: and am certain that whatſoever he doth cannot but be *well* done; yea that it cannot but be the *beſt* that can be, all things conſidered. And hence whatſoever he beſtoweth upon me, or permitteth to happen unto me, whether it be agreeable unto me or not, whether it be ſweet or bitter, I gladly receive it at his hands; I am ſatisfied that nothing could be better for me: and therefore I am never *unfortunate*.

Wherefore when you wiſhed me *proſperity*, I anſwered, that I was never *unproſperous*. Becauſe all that God doeth, or diſpoſeth, doth proſper with me: and I am fully therein ſatisfied. For I know that my lot is caſt by him: and I commit myſelf to his good *providence*, not doubting of the ſucceſs. Theſe monſters, *fortune* and *misfortune*, hurt no body but him that is willing, or at leaſt fearful, to be hurt; therefore I am not at all concerned for them. Nor do I ever once call upon *fortune*, that I may *proſper*: I pray not to her; but I pray to my heavenly father, by whom the events of all things are ordered. And he having the ordering of them I have all the reaſon in the world to be contented, yea to rejoice: ſince I know that he careth for me.

You deſired moreover, that God would be pleaſed to make me *happy*: Whereunto I did anſwer in like manner, that I never had been *unhappy*. For I have purpoſed and determined to *adhere* only to the will of God, or rather to *inhere* in it: into which I have ſo wholly *transfuſed* mine own *will*, as whatſoever God *willeth*, that I *will* alſo. And for this cauſe, as I ſaid, I have never been *unhappy*; ſeeing that, as I mentioned, my determination hath been to cleave perfectly to the divine will alone, and I have reſigned up entirely my own proper will to God, that he may diſpoſe of me in every thing as to him ſeemeth good.

When the beggar had ſpoken theſe things, this learned man was filled with exceeding great wonder; and ſeriouſly reflected upon the heavenly voice which had directed him hither. However he could hardly yet believe the words which he had heard: and therefore, he addreſſed the beggar again, and ſpake to him as followeth: "Strange, indeed! But if your

will be ſo *wholly* reſigned up to God, and transfuſed into *his will*, that you can be content to be diſpoſed of by him in every thing without reſerve; pray what would you do, ſhould it ſeem good to him, for the manifeſtation of his omnipotent majeſty, to caſt you down into the abyſs of hell?—What would you then do? Could you be content, think you, with his will and pleaſure? Speak out plainly?"

He caſt me into the abyſs of hell! Said the beggar, with a cheerful ſmile, his countenance here beginning to ſhine like an angel. But let even this be ſuppoſed; ſeeing that we may ſuppoſe as well what *cannot*, as what *can* be. Why certainly, if he ſhould; I have two arms, whereby I would embrace him ſtill, and not let him go. The one is true humility; and that I lay under him; and by it I am united to his moſt ſacred humanity. The other is *divine charity*; which is the right arm: and that I caſt about him; and by it I am united to his divinity. And by this arm I would hold him ſo faſt, and ſo claſp about him, as he would be forced to *deſcend into hell* with me. And I cannot but think, it is much more to be wiſhed to be in hell *with God*, than to be in heaven *without God*. Heaven without him would be an hell to me: and hell with him an heaven. For wherever he is, there muſt heaven be alſo.

By all this the Doctor was convinced, that the moſt compendious way to God doth conſiſt in *true and perfect reſignation of the will with profound humility*. And he praiſed God, that he had found one to ſhew him this ſhort way; and determined to walk therein ever afterwards.

And hereupon he enquired earneſtly of the beggar, whence he came; as deſirous of being more nearly acquainted with him, from whom he had learnt ſo much already: and the beggar anſwered him, that he came from God. And when he aſked him, where he found God? After a little pauſe, there, ſaid he, *where I left all creatures*. Then he proceeded to queſtion him, where he had left God? The poor man anſwered, *In clean hearts, and men of good will.*

Then the doctor, as one raviſhed with his anſwers, cried out, Good God what art thou? Upon which he ſaid, that he was a king. Art thou then a king? ſaid the doctor. To whom he again: Marvel not; I am verily a king. Now upon ſaying that he was a king, and his perſiſting thus in it,

the other's inquiſitiveneſs was the greater; and he preſſed him to let him know, where his kingdom was. Whereto he anſwered: My kingdom is in the ſoul. And further he added: I reign, by the grace of God, over my outward and inward ſenſes: and can ſo govern them, as all the affections and powers of my ſoul are in perfect ſubjection to me. Now this kingdom is certainly preferable to all the kingdoms of the world.

The doctor here readily conſented, that it was indeed far better than all the kingdoms, ſceptres, crowns and glories of this world: But, ſaid he, what brought thee to ſuch a perfection? What made thee a king? He anſwered: It was my ſilence, contemplation and union with God. I could reſt in nothing which was leſs than God. And now I have found my God: and in him I have everlaſting peace and reſt; having reached the crown.

Here then my anchor I do reſt,
That God does all things for the beſt.

ON THE LIGHT OF GOD'S COUNTENANCE.

[Continued from page 311.]

What is implied in walking in the Light of God's Countenance?

IN anſwer to this enquiry, it was remarked in the former number, that they who walk in the light of God's countenance, embrace the goſpel plan of ſalvation, and build their hopes upon the righteouſneſs of Chriſt alone. And, *ſecondly*, as a natural fruit of this temper of mind, and a precious benefit of a juſtified ſtate, they enjoy ſweet peace, calmneſs and ſerenity of mind. We now proceed in the enumeration and ſay,

3. It implies a weanedneſs from the world, and a ſupreme delight and joy in God. I join theſe together, becauſe they are in their nature inſeparable, and are both implied in the ſame exerciſe. The light of God's glory ſhining into the heart—

attracting the affections—transforming the ſoul, and imparting the divine pleaſure of communion with God, caſts a ſhade over the whole material world, and creates an holy indifferency towards all the fading, periſhing enjoyments of time and ſenſe. This is the very ſpirit and genius of Chriſtianity in the ſoul—the fruit of that bleſſed religion Chriſt hath taught us; who ſays, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth ſon or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. If any man come unto me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and ſiſters, yea and his own life alſo, he cannot be my diſciple; and whoſoever doth not bear his croſs and come after me, cannot be my diſciple." Here we are given to ſee that, that temper of mind which eſſentially characterizes a true child of God and diſciple of Jeſus, is a ſupreme love to, and delight in the Saviour, and the deſpiſing of every other object of enjoyment, when ſet in compariſon or competition with him. This is the general inſtruction of ſcripture, and the genuine diſpoſition of the godly. "The friendſhip of the world is enmity againſt God. Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the father is not in him."—(1 John ii. 15.) The Apoſtle Paul, in regard to his own views and feelings, expreſſes himſelf in very bold and ſtriking terms. "Yea doubtleſs, and I count all things but loſs for the excellency of the knowledge of Chriſt Jeſus, my Lord, for whom I have ſuffered the loſs of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Chriſt."—And the Pſalmiſt: "There be many that ſay, who will ſhew us any good? Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us: thou haſt put gladneſs in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and wine increaſed."—"Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I deſire beſide thee."

4. To walk in the light of God's countenance implies an holy nearneſs to God—ſweet acceſs to him, and a ſenſe of his gracious preſence. This is a ſpiritual nearneſs. God is eſſentially preſent with all his creatures, and they are ever in his immediate view; but he is preſent in a different manner with his children, and they have a very different ſenſe of his preſence from what any other men have or can have. It is the joyful ſenſation of a dutiful, affectionate child, in the preſence

of his father, whom he loves and fears—enjoying his parental careſſes, the ſmiles of his countenance, and the tokens of his fatherly favour and affection. Such are the feelings and enjoyments of the child of God, but ineffably more ſweet and endearing. The pious ſoul enjoys an holy intimacy with his heavenly father, and with a childlike freedom and confidence, utters all his complaints and his wants, his ſorrows and his joys, his hopes and his fears and deſires, into his gracious and attentive ear, ever open to his cries. He pours out his whole ſoul into his boſom, and rolls all his burdens on the Lord.—And God manifeſts himſelf unto his people otherwiſe than he doth to the world. He comforts them with his preſence, and manifeſtations of his ſpecial love and favour. He feeds them with hidden manna. He is near to them in all they call upon him for, He hears their cries, he anſwers their prayers, and is a very preſent helper in all times of trouble. Such bleſſed nearneſs to, and communion with God, do holy ſouls enjoy. The light of his countenance gives them this nearneſs, and cauſes them to ſee him who is inviſible, and to rejoice in his preſence. Therefore the Pſalmiſt prays, with ſuch fervency, "Caſt me not away from thy preſence," and in pleaſing expectation of this bleſſed enjoyment, exclaims "In thy preſence there is fulneſs of joy."

5. To walk in the light of God's countenance, implies a faithful and conſcientious diſcharge of all the outward duties of chriſtianity. It has been obſerved that this light has a transforming effect, and aſſimilates the ſoul to God. The natural tendency of it, therefore, will be to cauſe the ſoul to exemplify the divine image in outward life, by acts of cheerful, holy obedience, thro' all the various paths of duty to God and his fellow men. "Ye are my diſciples," ſaith Chriſt, "if ye do whatſoever things I command you." Grace is not a lifeleſs, inoperative principle in the heart, but it is vigorous and powerfully active. It will diſcover itſelf by its proper genuine exerciſes and fruits. This is the end and deſign of the Saints' ſpiritual creation. They are "created in Chriſt Jeſus unto *good works.*" And this is the end of their eternal election, as appears by what immediately follows, "which God hath before ordained that we ſhould walk in them." This is the nature, and theſe the proper exerciſes of the new creature. When the law of God is written upon the heart, every

precept is inſcribed, and the ſoul will have reſpect to all God's precepts; they will be exemplified, copied and drawn out in daily life—ſo that all beholding their chriſtian converſation may have an eaſy opportunity of reading the laws of Chriſt, every day; and will diſcover in them a conſcientious regard to God's authority and a filial fear of offending him. This is the way in which they are directed to adorn their profeſſion and reprove and reform the unbelieving world. "Let your light ſo ſhine among men that they may ſee your good works, and glorify your father who is in heaven." It is true, they are very imperfect, and may often fall into ſin and diſhonour their chriſtian character and profeſſion; but this is not walking in the light of God's countenance, but departing from God and walking for a ſeaſon by the light of their own fire. it is becauſe, as is ſometimes the caſe with them, they are walking in darkneſs without light. But the habitual tenor of their lives favours of obedience, of ſpiritual mindedneſs and devotedneſs to God. And the earneſt deſire of their hearts, the ſubject of their daily prayer to God, is, "Oh, that my ways were directed to keep thy ſtatutes—guide me by thy counſel—teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, becauſe of mine enemies."

6. To walk in the light of God's countenance implies, the abſolute dependence of the ſaints upon the conſtant ſpecial and ſupernatural influences of God's ſpirit, for the preſervation of ſpiritual life in their ſouls, and the holy exerciſes of grace.—He that gave them ſpiritual life, muſt alſo preſerve it, and quicken their graces. The ſame power which created them in Chriſt Jeſus unto good works, muſt alſo work in them both to will and to do, of his own good pleaſure. This is the inſtruction and uniform language of God's word. To walk in the light of God's countenance, is to walk by the direction, quickening and ſtrength which that light imparts to them. And they walk no longer than they have that light. When the light of God's countenance is withdrawn, and his face is hidden from them, their ſtrength immediately fails, they fall into darkneſs and looſe their way. "Thou didſt hide thy face and I was troubled." It is God who conquers, and drives out their ſpiritual enemies for them. This the Pſalmiſt acknowledges in the type of God's driving out the Canaaniti ſh nations, and bringing the children of Iſrael

into the promiſed land—(Ps. xliv. 3.) "For they got not the land in poſſeſſion by their own ſword, neither did their own arm ſave them—but thy right hand and thine arm, and *the light of thy countenance*, becauſe thou hadſt a favor unto them." This is very pointed and expreſs. "The light of thy countenance," ſignifies the exerciſe of that power by which God brought the children of Iſrael on their way to Canaan; and "thy right hand and thine arm," import the ſignal and miraculous diſplays of divine power in their behalf. Theſe the Pſalmiſt acknowledges and celebrates in a devout ſong of praiſe. But all theſe things point with ſpecial and ultimate reference to the ſpiritual journeyings and deliverances of chriſtians. They have no ſtrength of their own. It is not by their own ſword—neither does their own arm ſave them; but it is the power of omnipotence—the right hand of God's righteouſneſs, and the light of his countenance, becauſe he has a favor unto them. Grace is not the effect of nature, but it counteracts every eſtabliſhed principle of nature. It is entirely ſupernatural.

7. They who walk in the light of God's countenance ſhall grow in grace, make advances in the divine life and progreſs in ſanctification. "Bleſſed is the people who know the joyful ſound, they ſhall *walk*, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance." Pſalm lxxxix. 15.) Walking is oppoſed to reſt, and ſignifies motion from one object or place towards another; and every ſtep the man takes brings him nearer to the place or point towards which he is advancing. If then, to walk in the light of God's countenance, implies, as we have ſeen, the moral likeneſs of God in the heart, or the being and exerciſes of grace ſupported by divine power, and perfect conformity to God be the object and tendency of his deſires; then it will follow that every ſtep the chriſtian takes, while walking in the light of God's countenance, is a ſtep towards the goal of perfection—an advancement towards perfect holineſs, and ſpreads the divine image wider and deeper in his heart. At this point he conſtantly aims, to cleanſe himſelf from all filthineſs of the fleſh and ſpirit, and perfect holineſs in the fear of God. This is the object of all his ſpiritual warfare, and his unwearied ſtruggles with the remaining corruptions of his heart; and nothing ſhort of this can bound, or completely ſatisfy his deſires. The Pſalmiſt exults in the

proſpect of this. "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteouſneſs, I ſhall be ſatisfied when I awake with thy likeneſs." Perfect likeneſs to God is the perfect happineſs of the ſoul. Towards this, the chriſtian is aiming and advancing; though this progreſs be unequal—at ſome times rapid, and at others feeble and ſlow, and almoſt motionleſs; yet, he never contents himſelf with any preſent attainments. He is commanded to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour. And Paul ſaith, "not that I have attained, or am already perfect, but this one thing I do, forgetting thoſe things which are behind, and reaching forth unto thoſe things which are before, I preſs toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Chriſt Jeſus."

Laſtly. What completes the preſent comfort of the ſaints and gives aſſurance of future glory, is this, that they ſhall perſevere, and never fall from grace—that they ſhall hold on their way through faith unto ſalvation. This depends wholly upon the eternal purpoſe, and free promiſe of God, and could never be certainly known to us in the preſent ſtate, had not God been pleaſed to reveal it to us in the declarations, and promiſes of his word; for there is nothing in the nature of grace, that prevents its being loſt. It is nothing but God's power which keeps it alive, and nothing but God's promiſes which ſecures it in future. Otherwiſe the perſon who is conſcious that he now has grace—and that he now walks in the light of God's countenance, and that he has already made advances in the divine life and grown in grace, could have no aſſurance, or certainty, that he ſhall continue thus to do hereafter—he might loſe it all to-morrow and forever after walk in total darkneſs, and never to behold the face of God in righteouſneſs. But here comes in an abſolute, unlimited promiſe and binds the bleſſing with all the ſincerity of infinite truth.—"They ſhall walk, Oh Lord, in the light of thy countenance." This gives the finiſhing ſtroke to the preſent joy and comfort of the Chriſtian. This is the life and ſtrength of all his hopes. This affords that ſtrong conſolation of hope, which as an anchor to the ſoul, both ſure and ſteadfaſt, entereth into that within the vail.

Thus have we conſidered in a variety of particulars, what things are implied in walking in the light of God's countenance. And now to bring them all to a point, theſe are the

eſſential properties of the character. They embrace the goſpel plan of ſalvation, and build their hopes upon the righteouſneſs of Chriſt alone. As a natural fruit of this temper of mind, and a precious benefit of a juſtified ſtate, they are weaned from the world, and all the enjoyments of time and place their ſupreme happineſs and delight in the enjoyment of God. They enjoy an holy nearneſs to him, a ſenſe of his gracious preſence, and have ſweet acceſs to the divine mercy ſeat. They are faithful and conſcientious in all the outward duties of Chriſtianity. They are abſolutely dependent upon the conſtant and ſpecial influences of God's ſpirit, for the preſervation of their ſpiritual life and holy exerciſes of grace.—They grow in grace—make advances in the divine life and progreſs in ſanctification; and, to crown all, they have aſſurance of perſevering in grace unto glory.

Theſe compoſe the character and bleſſedneſs of thoſe who know the joyful ſound, and walk in the light of God's countenance. And is not this a very excellent character? Is it not a moſt happy ſtate? Every thing excellent and deſirable is contained in it. All we can rationally wiſh for, and more than our moſt raiſed imaginations can conceive, or our moſt unbounded deſires can graſp. And now let me aſk the reader, in a ſerious review of the ſubject, to apply each particular which has been ſuggeſted, to his own heart, with this queſtion, *Have I ever found the knowledge of this truth, and of this enjoyment by my own experience?* Here are various traits of the chriſtian character, and if you cannot find yourſelf deſcribed in any of them, you have reaſon to draw the concluſion that you never poſſeſſed it; that you know what not it is to walk in the light of God's countenance, but are ignorant of the joyful ſound of mercy—at heart an enemy to God; walking in darkneſs without light, without hope and without God in the world. Remember the words of Chriſt, "If thine eye be evil thy whole body ſhall be full of darkneſs. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkneſs, how great is that darkneſs." Can this be to you a ſtate of reſt and quietude? You have no true peace. You really enjoy nothing, while you enjoy not God. And you are ignorant of true beauty while blind to the glory of the divine character. What advantage do you expect to reap from the inſtitutions of the goſpel, while you continue to reject Chriſt—to deſpiſe all the offers of his grace, and in the cleareſt light that ever ſhone, are blind to

the truth. Know assuredly, that your spiritual blindness is your most aggravated guilt—your spiritual death is your condemnation, and that, which, if persisted in, will finally sink you to the lowest hell. "This is the condemnation, that light hath come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil."—Oh repent of your sins—believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and walk in in the light of God's countenance. "Then shall you know, if you follow on to know the Lord, that his going forth is prepared as the morning, and he shall come to you as the rain, as the latter and the former rain unto the earth."

ASAPH.

SIGNS OF A LIVING OR GROWING CHRISTIAN.

The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Psal. xcii. 12.

SIGN 1. When your chief delight is with the saints, especially them that excel in virtue. Psal. xvi. 3.

2. When the smitings of the righteous are not a burden to you, and you can hear of your faults with affectionate attention. Psal. cxli. 5.

3. When Jesus Christ, in the midst of temptation, is more to you than all the world. Phil. iii. 8.

4. When reproach for Christ makes you not ashamed of Christ. Mark, viii. 38. Heb. xi. 26.

5. When wandering thoughts in time of duty find less entertainment than formerly. Psal. cxxxix. 23. 1 Cor. xiii. 11.

6. When length of standing in the profession of Christianity works increase of hatred to all sin. Psal. cxix. 104—113.

7. When you carry about with you a constant jealousy over your own heart, that it turn not aside from God and goodness. Prov. xxviii. 14.

8. When every known new mercy begets new thankfulness, and that with delight. Psal. cxlv. 2.

9. When known calamity in God's house begets deep sorrow in your heart. Neh. i. 4.

10. When God's afflicting you for your sins makes you love God the better. Psal. cxix. 75.

11. When the same care and travail you at first laboured in to get Christ, is as much, if not more, laboured in to keep Christ. Heb. vi. 11, 12.

12. When a feeling sense of the peace and edification of the church of God lies so near your heart, that you can prefer it above your chief concerns. Psal. cxxxvii. 6. Rom. xiv. 19. 2 Cor. xi. 9.

13. When, under deep distress or languishing, the word of God is precious to you. Psal. cxix. 92.

14. When any condition, though in itself mean, as it comes from God, is most welcome. Job, i. 21. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

15. When the peace of Christ's house begets chief joy in your heart. Psal. cxxii. 7, 8, 9.

16. When chief care to avoid all sin is as truly occasioned through fear of dishonouring God, and incurring his present displeasure, *as wrath to come*. Neh. v. 14. Gen. xxxix. 9.

17. When the least apprehension of God's withdrawing makes you seek him more earnestly in such ways wherein he will be found. Psal. lxiii. 1.

18. When every company is burdensome to you, that is not designing your Father's glory, but derogating therefrom. Psal. cxx. 5. 2 Pet. ii. 7, 8.

19. When the sins of others come so near your heart, that you walk sadly to see such persons transgress God's commandments. cxix. 136.

20. When the light of your understanding grows more strong, to your making judgment of spiritual things according to God's word. Eph. i. 18.

21. When bitter things become sweet to you, as they are squared by, and founded on the will of God. Matt. xxvi. 38, 39. Acts. xxi. 14.

22. When the path of the humble is so delightful, that you'd rather be with them than in the tents of the ungodly. Acts xx. 19. Psal. lxxxiv. 10.

23. When your pity is such to perishing people, that you cannot but weep at the thoughts of their ruin. Luke xix. 41. Jer. ix. 1. Phil. iii. 18, 19.

24. When the yoke of ſelf denial, as impoſed by Chriſt Jeſus, is not grievous, but pleaſant to you. Matt. xi. 29, 30. Mark x. 28.

25. When the force of the reſurrection and judgment to come, lies ſo cloſe at your heart, that it makes you anſwer every call of Chriſt to do or ſuffer cheerfully. 2 Cor. v. 9, 10. Acts, xxiv. 15, 16.

26. When *increaſe* of time in Chriſt's acquaintance works *increaſe* of delight in communion with Chriſt. Pſal. xcii. 12, 13, 14.

27. When in the walk of faith you are more frequent, and leſs depend upon walking by ſenſe. 2 Cor. v. 7. Gal. ii. 20.

28. When the majeſty of the great God, conſidering how viſible you are in his ſight, hath an awful prevalence upon your heart. Job, xxxi. 4.

29. When you are at open war and conſtant hoſtility with *boſom ſin*, as diſpleaſing to God, and forbidden by his law. Pſal. xviii. 23.

30. When you have a thirſting care to get the power of godlineſs in your heart, rather than the form of godlineſs in the head, or outward profeſſion. 2 Cor. i. 12.

31. When the worſhip of God, agreeable to his word, is highly prized, and faithfully practiſed, in the worſt of times. Mal. iii. 14, 15, 16.

32. When the ſoul is more hungry for the word of God, than the body is for temporal food. Job, xxiii. 12. Pſal. cxix. 72, 162.

AN ACCOUNT

Of the Progreſs of the Goſpel, and the State of Religion, in the bounds of the Preſbytery of Erie.

IN order to have a true idea of the rapid progreſs of the goſpel in this new country, the reader will pleaſe to take notice, that the whole of the bounds of this Preſbytery, which includes the North Weſt part of Pennſylvania, from the Ohio river to lake Erie, ten years ago was an uninhabited wilder-

neſs. In the year 1795, peace being reſtored with the Indian tribes, the country began to be ſettled very rapidly. The goſpel ſoon viſited them. Miſſionaries were ſent chiefly from the Preſbyteries of Redſtone and Ohio. Congregations were formed; and in April 1799, the Rev. Thomas E. Hughes accepted of a call from the united congregations of Mount-Pleaſant and New Salem, on Little Beaver, and was ordained and inſtalled among them in Auguſtfollowing, and the Lord's Supper was adminiſtered on the next Sabbath.

Thus the long uncultivated wilderneſs, the late habitations of cruelty, began to be ſettled with a goſpel miniſtry; and the ordinances of Chriſt's appointment began to be adminiſtered ſtatedly in thoſe very places, where a little before the Heathen had been worſhipping idols, or ſacrificing to Devils.

In the year 1800, the Rev. William Wick ſettled in the Forks of Big Beaver, in the congregations of Hopewell and Young's Town. In January 1801, the Rev. Samuel Tait ſettled in the congregations of Upper Salem and Cool Spring, on Shenango; and in the ſummer of the ſame year, the Rev. Joſeph Stockton ſettled in Meadville and Sugar Creek, and alſo the Rev. Robert Lee in Rocky Spring and Amity.

In this year the above named miniſters, by an act of the Synod of Virginia, were erected into a ſeparate Preſbytery, known by the name of the Preſbytery of Erie. In the ſame year [1801] the following miniſters were added to their number, viz. the Rev. James Saterfield, who ſettled in the congregations of Mooreſield and Neſhannuk; the Rev. William Wylie, who ſettled in the congregations of Fairfield, Upper and Lower Sandy; the Rev. John Boyd, in Union and Slate Lick; and the Rev. Abraham Boyd on Bull Creek and Middleſex. In 1802, the Rev. William Woods ſettled in the congregations of Planegrove and Centre. In 1803, the Rev. Robert Patterſon ſettled at Upper and Lower Greenfield, the Rev. Alexander Cook ſettled in the congregations of New-Caſtle and Slippery Rock, and the Rev. Robert Johnſton in the congregations of Bear Creek and Scrub Graſs. In 1804, the Rev. Nicholas Pittinger ſettled in the congregations of Weſt-Field and Poland. Thus we ſee in the courſe of five years a Preſbytery, conſiſting of fourteen miniſters, ſettled in that country, where ten years ago we could ſcarcely ſee the face of a white man! Theſe brethren

dwell together in great harmony. Their views with regard to the doctrines of Chriſtianity are the ſame. Their great object is to preach Chriſt crucified. They almoſt all received their education at Canonſburgh, a ſeminary that has been remarkably uſeful in furniſhing the church with an evangelical miniſtry. We ſhould farther obſerve, that this Preſbytery borders on that part of the ſtate of Ohio, called New-Connecticut. In this place there are two miſſionaries from the ſtate of Connecticut, the Rev. Joſeph Badger and the Rev. Thomas Robbins. Between them and the members of this Preſbytery there is much harmony and friendſhip; and Mr. Badger is now a regular member of their body, which makes their number fifteen.

To hear of the rapid ſpread of the goſpel, and this extenſive addition to the Redeemer's kingdom, muſt be reviving to the friends of real religion—but ſtill more ſo, when we inform them, that God has been pleaſed in a remarkable manner to pour out his Spirit on that infant part of his vineyard, ſo that many have been added to the church, of ſuch, we truſt, as ſhall be ſaved.

The firſt awakening in that country was before the ſettlement of any of the miniſters, in the congregations where the Rev. Thomas E. Hughes is now ſettled, which has been taken notice of in a former number.

In the year 1801, an awakening took place in the congregations under the care of the Rev. Samuel Tait, which iſſued in the converſion of a goodly number; alſo in the congregations under the care of the Rev. William Wick, and ſome others.

In the latter end of 1802, a more general revival took place, which ſpread over almoſt all the congregations in the bounds of this Preſbytery. This revival continues in ſome degree till this time, though it has of late much abated. Very happy effects, however, have been produced by it; a conſiderable number, out of upwards of 20 congregations, have joined the church, who give comfortable evidences of their piety, both by the clearneſs of their exerciſes, and their walk and converſation.

This revival has been attended with the ſame bodily impreſſions as in other parts of the church at this day.

ANECDOTES.

IT is much to be regretted that the works of the illuſtrious Calvin are ſo little read in the preſent day. Every perſon who is acquainted with the writings of our moſt eminent reformers, both in England and Scotland, ſuch as Hooker, Cranmer, Knox, &c. knows that no man was held in higher eſtimation by thoſe diſtinguiſhed characters than John Calvin, and no human compoſitions were more read and admired by them than his.—Nor was it only by perſons of the above deſcription that Calvin's writings were eſteemed. The depth and ingenuity of his thoughts, the ſtrength and accuracy of his reaſoning, and the purity and elegance of his diction, have led many who had no reliſh for the goſpel to peruſe his works.

The celebrated infidel, Lord Bolingbroke, was a remarkable inſtance of this; and the following anecdote, in proof it, may be depended on. One day, a Clergyman of his Lordſhip's acquaintance (Mr. C———h, who died Vicar of Batterſea) happened to call upon him, when he was reading in Calvin's Inſtitutes.—"You have found me," ſaid his Lordſhip, reading John Calvin. He was indeed a man of great parts, profound ſenſe, and vaſt learning. He handles the doctrines of grace in a very maſterly manner." "Doctrines of grace!" replied the Clergyman, "the doctrines of grace have ſet all mankind together by the ears." "I am ſurpriſed ro hear you ſay ſo," anſwered Lord Bolingbroke, "you who profeſs to believe and to preach Chriſtianity. Theſe doctrines are certainly the doctrines of the Bible; and, if I believed the Bible I *muſt* believe *them*. And let me ſeriouſly tell you that I think the greateſt miracle in the world is, the ſubſiſtence of Chriſtianity and its continued preſervation as a religion, when the preaching of it is committed to the care of ſuch unchriſtian gentlemen as you."

A LITTLE child, when dying, was aſked where it was going—"To heaven," ſaid the child. "And what makes you wiſh to be there?" ſaid one. "Becauſe Chriſt is there," ſaid the child. "But," ſaid a friend, "what if Chriſt ſhould leave heaven?" "Well," ſaid the child, "I will go with him." Some time before its departure, it expreſſed a wiſh to have a golden crown when it died. "And what will you do,"

ſaid one, "with the golden crown?" "I will take the crown," ſaid the child, "and caſt it at the feet of Chriſt."——How pleaſant to remark the effects of grace in little children, and to view them in their dying moments bearing an honourable teſtimony to the preciouſneſs of Chriſt, and the excellence of religion. Mat. xxi. 15.

POETRY.

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

JESUS how bright thy beauties are;
Thy lovely perſon how divine!
Who with our Lord ſhall we compare,
What glorious form can equal thine?

With gentle ſmiles ſweet mercy ſpreads
Her kindeſt beams in his dear face;
His love our higheſt thoughts exceeds,
And claims our moſt exalted praiſe.

Let men and Angels both unite,
To ſpeak the glories of our king,
With fear, and love, and vaſt delight
His lofty praiſe with rapture ſing.

But what is men's or Angel's praiſe,
To our great King's immortal name;
The various glories he diſplays,
Shall better ſpeak his power and fame.

Yet he approves our humble ſongs,
And bows his gracious ear to hear;
Almighty Lord, our joyful tongues,
Shall ſound thy praiſe with holy fear.

We'll tell the world thy wond'rous grace,
How Jeſus dwelt in mortal clay;
And died to ſave our ſinful race,
And wipe our vile reproach away.